THE DAILY STAR

WEDNESDAY.......NOVEMBER 10

CORPORATE CONSCIENCE.

It is one of the slang phrases of the law, that a "corporation is a body without a soul." It is a body politic and corporate of legislative creation, in which the soul, or moral element of human nature, is not included. And yet corporations are, almost uniformly, specifically charged with functions demanding the exercise and observance of the highest moral duties and obligations. Whence, then, is the moral sense, requisite for the discharge of these duties and obligations, to be derived? The presumption is, that these requisite moral elements are to be supplied by the individuals who combine to make up, or constitute, this legislative creation.

This presumption is most just and reasonable. And yet it is a presumption that almost uniformly fails of being realized. If there were no moral sense predicated of a corporation, then the legislative power of a government, when creating a body politic, would be employed in creating a wild beast to exist and act in the midst of society under legislative sanction. The moral sense is the distinctive and defining attribute between the human and the brute creations. Only man has it. The brute has it not. The man who, by misfortune, has it not, is himself but a brute. The corporation that the law creates to act by and with men in civil society is presumed to act under the same moral obligations, and with the same regard to the conscientious observance of right, that bind mankind together in the social state. If this be not lawfully predicated of a corporation, then such corporation deserves no place among the human species, and must take rank with the brute.

Now, the history of this country is becoming to be little more than the history of gigantic corporations created by some special enactments of law. And the history of those corporations is almost one unbroken series of frauds, corruption, violence and wrong. Under the promptings of avarice and ambition, either or both, there is no public prerogative that they have not invaded, no private right that they have not overthrown. They have asserted privileges and exercised powers greater than the government that created them dared to exercise or assert. In their corporate dealings with individual citizens, they have discarded the moral guidance of an enlightened conscience; and, assuming the right of their own might, they have treated with the people as the lord would treat with his vassals.

And yet these corporations, so utterly soulless, so entirely destitute of conscience, are frequently placed under the directory of men whom the people delight to honor—men against whom no breath of censure as to their private affairs has ever been whispered, men whose individual standing in society is such that none names them but to praise. And the great problem is, why such men do not carry with them into the service of such corporations the law of conscience that regulates so worthily their personal affairs? Why is it, that, when acting in their corporate capacity, these same men regard the public as their proper prey? Upon what principle, in the moral economy of man, can be explained those innumerable and astounding frauds that of late years have been perpetrated by great corporations, sweeping away the fortunes of innocent and confiding victims into the gulf of utter ruin without a whimper of compunction or even the semblance of shame; and yet under the directory of men to whom the world attributes the possession of the finest moral sense? Is it indeed impossible that the private conscience of men can be carried into a corporate body whose movements and interests they direct?

If it indeed be impossible that there can be any conscience, any moral sense, infused into these corporate bodies, then are they in truth unfit for human association, and unworthy of a civil existence. If it be an absolute condition of their nature, that they are to be without a soul, and therefore without the sense of right and responsibility, without a conscience and therefore without the sense of remorse, moved only by the animal instincts of greed, at once avaricious and cruel, then indeed have we among us a breed of wild beasts, beasts of prey, which it were wiser for the law to destroy than to protect.

WOULD it not be in order for the Trustees of our Southern railroad to rise up and report to the city what they have done, how much they have done, where they have done it, what it has cost, how much they have received, how much they have expended, and a good many other little items about their transactions, all of which are unknown to the people who do the paying for all this. The Trustees are quiet and amiable gentlemen, not prone to make any unnecessary noise about themselves; yet an occasional utterance explanatory of their use of the ten millions in hand would not mar the music of the spheres. We move that they speak right out. They will have a large and attentive audience waiting upon their words. Rise up, gentlemen.

THE Singer will case has developed some very novel and remarkable circumstances. On last Friday the case was adjourned, by consent of parties. It is understood that the legatees under the will have offered a compromise to Mary Ann Foster, the contestant, agreeing to pay her $200,000 for release of all claims. This she has refused, and declares her determination to "stick" for the $4,000,000. Meanwhile other children of the old sinner Singer are coming forward who were not named in the will, and demanding slices off the Singer loaf. He provided for over twenty children, but seems to have forgotten some.

THE N. Y. HERALD and the Cincinnati Times are figuring out the next President according to Dabol. It is very beautiful to see those arithmetical presidents on paper. The Herald gets a good showing for the Democrats, and the Times gets two to one Republican. The result is very satisfactory—to the men who are such excellent figure-heads as to figure it all out.

THE Prince of Wales has reached Bombay, and is once more on British soil, though under an Asiatic sun. "Wales" will now have to eat rice and curry to lubricate his tongue so as to pronounce such names as this—Sir Benjamin Rumjeebamjeejamjeejamsetjeejeejeebhoy.

There is just that man, and so named, at Bombay.

THE explorations of Livingstone and Stanley in Central Africa have been the means of rousing the British people to undertaking the enterprise of reaching the central portions of that continent by proceeding from the northwest coast. The expedition is soon to sail from England, and the expectation is to open direct communication with the interior.

BETWEEN the Clergy and the Club a solemn feud ariseth. But, without any further shuffling it appears that Clubs are trumps, and the Clergy must follow suit. Also, between the Reverend Moore and the ir-reverend Conway there seems to be a fair chance to give the "devil" his due.

HUNT STREET still remains blockaded. Street railroads own the highway, and the victimized public must wait all winter for the "confederates" to get through with their quarrel about injunctions and things. Beautiful city government!

ALEXANDER STEVENS is announced as getting well. Aleck. has all his lifetime been announced as getting better; it is quite time that he should be getting well.

THEY have a visit from that *monstrum horrendum*, the sea-serpent, in the San Francisco bay: so they say.

JOAQUIN MILLER says he hasn't "a book in the world, not even a dictionary." Nobody doubts it.

John Randolph in Church.

Mr. Randolph was a great Bible reader, and was deeply concerned with religious subjects. He employed an excellent and eloquent man, Mr. Abner Clopton, to preach every Sunday to his negroes in a large chapel he had erected on his plantation. When at home he invariably attended these services, taking his seat by the preacher on the open platform from which the preacher conducted the services.

On many occasions while kneeling beside the preacher, who was prone to be carried away by the fervor of prayer, Randolph would slap him on the back and call out loudly: "Clopton, that won't do; that's no sound doctrine; Clopton, take that back," and if Clopton remonstrated Randolph, though keeping himself on his knees, was ready at once for an argument to maintain his point. No one but Mr. Clopton, who knew the eccentricity and honest motives of the man, could have borne with these irreverent interruptions while in the midst of prayer; but Mr. Clopton, when he found Randolph determined to argue the point, either gracefully yielded or proposed to note the point and argue it at the dwelling-house. To visitors at the chapel—and they were many—these scenes were exceedingly curious, and sometimes absurdly ludicrous. But that was Mr. Randolph's way. It is said that on one cold Sunday in this chapel on Mr. Randolph's plantation, while giving out the hymn in the old-fashioned way, two lines at a time, and it was being lustily sung by the negroe,s Mr. Clopton, the preacher, observed a negro man put his foot, upon which was a new brogan, on the hot stove. Turning toward him, he said, in his measured voice, "You rascal, you; you'll burn your shoes." As this was a rhyme of the exact metre of the hymn, the negroes all sung it in their loudest tones.. Smiling at the error, the preacher attempted mildly to explain by saying: "My colored friends, indeed you are wrong; I didn't intend that for the song," there it was in again another rhyme in good measure, so the negroes sung that, too, in pious fervor. Turning to his congregation, the preacher said, somewhat sharply, "I hope you will not sing again until I have had time to explain;" but this only aroused the negroes, who sang the last words with increased vigor. Mr. Clopton, feeling that his tongue seemed to be turned to rhyme, abandoned all efforts at explanation and went on with his services.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams sent this entirely sound and sensible reply to a Boston man who urged him to become an independent candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, in order to make himself a prominent candidate for the Presidency next year: "If I were to enter upon any course, direct or indirect, to operate upon my fellow-citizens in the matter of an election to the Presidency, the issue to me would be nothing but mortification and repentance. If they really want me they know where to find me. If they do not, nothing that I could do would avail to change them. You say that things are managed in such a way as to suppress the true sense of the people. I say this can never be when the people really have an opinion. It is only when the people are indifferent or much divided that management comes in to turn the scale. I confess to you that I am no hand to play this game; and if I were told to attempt it, my friends would only be sorry for my mistake."

Last week (Thursday) a lady of this county put a quilt into the frames, and on the evening of the day following the quilt was taken out finished. Besides doing this she attended to the dairy, churning twice, scrubbed a porch 40 feet long, washed a little, and assisted in catching one dozen chickens.—Flemingsburg (Ky.) Rambler.

Another monster telescope, the largest yet attempted, is in course of construction at Dublin for the Austro-Hungarian Government. The object-glass will have an aperture of twenty-seven inches, and the total length is to be about thirty-two feet.

A Detroit marriage-notice ends with the singular expression, probably added by a waggish friend: "May their future troubles be little ones."

A postal card passed through the mails the other day, written on one side only, but containing 15,000 words.

THE CABMAN'S STORY.

[Translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas.]

"When I got in, 'twas a picture to see them, in each other's arms, the father kissing his daughter all over with his lion's face and old moustache, the nurse in tears, M. Eugene in tears, myself in tears, in fact, a regular shower all round.

"Then said my master to the nurse, and me, 'We must leave them alone.' We left the room all three; and my master took me by the arm and said, 'Watch for M. Alfred de Linar when he comes in from the ball; I wish to speak a word with him.' I took my place upon the stair-case, and kept sentry.

"In about a quarter of an hour I heard the bell—terling, terling. It was M. Alfred; he came up stairs singing. I said to him quite politely, 'Excuse me, Monsieur, but my master wishes to speak a work with you.'

"'Could not your master wait until to-morrow?' he replied with a sneer.

"'It seems not, since he wants to see you directly.'

"'Well, where is he?'

"'Here I am,' said M. Eugene, who had overheard me. 'Will you please to walk into this room, Monsieur?' pointing to the room where Mademoiselle Marie was. I could not understand this.

"However I opened the door. The Captain was just getting into the inner room; he made a sign to me to wait until he had hidden himself. I did so, and then, 'Walk in, gentlemen!' My master pushed M. Alfred into the room, drew me out, and shut the door upon us both. Next I heard a trembling voice say, 'Alfred!' and another voice reply in astonishment, 'Marie! you here?'

"'M. Alfred is the betrayer?' said I to my master.

"'Yes,' said he, 'be still with me and let us listen.'

"At first we could only hear Mademoiselle Marie; she seemed to be entreating M. Alfred. That lasted some time. Then we could hear him say, 'No, Marie, 'tis impossible. You must be mad to ask it. I am not my own master in this. I can not marry as I choose. I am dependent upon a family that will not permit it. But I am rich and if money—'

"Then you should have seen! there was the deuce to pay. Without stopping to unlock the door of the cabinet, where he was hid, the Captain drove it open with one kick, Mademoiselle Marie gave a scream, the Captain thundered out an oath fit to lift the roof off the house, and said my master, 'Let us go in.'

"It was high time.

"Captain Dumont had M. Alfred down, with his knee on him, and was twisting his neck as though he was a chicken. My master separated them.

"M. Alfred got up, pale as death, his eyes ready to start from his head and his teeth set. Without looking at Mademoiselle Marie, who lay in a faint, he walked up to my master, who was waiting for him with his arms folded. 'Eugene,' said he, 'I did not think your room was a slaughter-house. I shall not come into it again without a pair of pistols.' 'Precisely how I should prefer to see you come,' replied my master, 'for otherwise I shall be under the necessity of begging you to walk out instantly.'

"'Captain,' said M. Alfred, turning round, 'you will not forget, I have an account to settle with you too.'

"'And you shall settle it this moment,' said the captain, 'I do not leave you until you do.'

"'Be it so.'

"'The day is just breaking,' continued M. Dumont. 'We will find weapons.'

"'I have swords and pistols,' said my master.

"'Pray have them put in a carriage,' said the captain.

"'An hour hence at the wood of Boulogne, Porte Maillot,' said M. Alfred.

"'Very well,' replied my master and the captain, both at once. 'Go find your seconds.' M. Alfred went away.

"The captain then bent over his daughter's bed. M. Eugene wished to call for help; but the old man said, 'No, better she should be ignorant of everything. Marie! dear child, farewell. If I fall, M. Eugene, you will avenge me, will you not? and the orphan girl, you will not abandon her?'

"'Never! I swear it to you, by herself, replied my master, throwing himself into the poor father's arms.

"'Cantillon, call a hack.'

"'Yes, sir; shall I go with you?'

"'You may.'

"The captain embraced his daughter once more, and then calling the nurse he said, 'Assist her now, and if she should ask where I am gone, say I will soon return. Now, my young friend, let us go.'

"They went back into M. Eugene's room. When I brought the hack they were down stairs waiting for me. The captain put the pistols in his pocket, and my master the swords under his cloak.

"'Wood of Boulogne, driver.'

"'My friend,' said the captain, 'if I am killed, give this ring to my poor Marie; 'twas her mother's wedding-ring; a good woman she was, young man, now with God, or else there is no more justice up above than there is in this world, and see that I am buried with my cross of the Legion and my sword. You are now my only friend; except my daughter I have neither kith nor kin; so, then, you and my Marie following my coffin, there will be no other mourners.'

"'Why these thoughts, captain? They are sad ones for an old soldier.'

"The captain gave a melancholy smile, as he said.

"'Since 1815, everything has gone wrong with me; and as you have promised to be the guardian of my daughter, better one that is young and rich than a poor old father.'

"He said no more; my master could not speak another word, and there was silence until we reached the place of meeting.

"A cabriolet followed us a few steps behind. It stopped, and M. Alfred got out with his two seconds.

"One of them approached us.

"'What are the captain's weapons?'

"'Pistols,' he replied.

"'Stay in the carriage and take care of the swords,' said my master to me; and all five plunged into the wood.

"In ten minutes, or less, I heard two pistol shots. They made me leap as though I had not expected them. Ten minutes more passed without another shot, and I knew it was all over with one of them.

"I sunk down into the bottom of the hack; I did not dare to look out. All at once the door opened.

"'The swords, Cantillon!' said my master.

"I gave them to him; and as he stretched out his hand for them I saw the captain's ring was on his finger.

"'And— and— Mademoiselle Marie's father?' said I.

"'He is dead.'

"'Then, the swords'—

"'Are for me.'

"'For Heaven's sake let me go with you, Monsieur.'

"'Come if you wish.'

"I leaped out of the coach. My heart, Monsieur, was no bigger than a mustard-seed, and I trembled in every limb. My master entered the wood, and I after him.

"We had not got ten steps, when I saw M. Alfred standing laughing between his seconds. 'Take care!' said my master to me, pushing me aside; I made one spring backward. I had nearly trodden on the captain's body.

"Monsieur Eugene threw one glance upon the body, then advanced towards the party in front, dropped the points of the swords on the ground, and said, 'See that they are both the same length, gentlemen.'

"'You will not consent, then, to postpone this matter until to-morrow?' asked one of the seconds.

"'Impossible!'

"'Well friends, no matter,' said M. Alfred. 'The first affair has not tired me in the least; only I should be glad to drink a glass of water.'

"'Cantillon, go get a glass of water for M. Alfred,' said my master.

"I would as lief he had told me to go hang myself; but he waved his hand a second time to me to go, and I started off to the restaurant at the entrance of the wood, scarcely a hunured feet from where we stood. Before you could turn round I was back. I handed M. Alfred the glass, saying to myself, 'Take it, and I wish it was poison to you!' He took it; his hand was perfectly steady, only when he gave it back to me I noticed that he had broken the edge of it between his teeth.

"I threw the glass over my head, and went back to my place. I saw that my master had been making ready in the meantime. He was stripped to his shirt and pantaloons, and his sleeves were rolled up nearly to his shoulder. I went up to him, and said I, 'No orders for me, Monsieur?' 'None,' he replied, 'I have neither father nor mother; if I should die (he wrote something in pencil), you will see that this paper reaches Marie.'

"Then, with another glance at the captain's body, he advanced towards M. Alfred, saying:

"'Come on, gentlemen.'

"'But you have no seconds,' replied M. Alfred.

"'One of yours will answer.'

"'Ernest, be so good as to take your place beside Monsieur.

"One of the seconds crossed to my master's side: the other took up the swords, placed my master and M. Alfred at four paces distance, gave each of them a sword, crossed their blades, and stood off, saying, 'Now gentlemen.'

"At the instant each of them advanced a step, and their blades were engaged up to the guard.

"'Fall back!' said my master.

"'I never break!' replied M. Alfred.

"'Very well,' and M. Eugene fell back a step, and again stood at guard.

"Ten dreadful minutes followed. The swords flew and twisted round each other like snakes at play. M. Alfred was the only one that turus ; my master, following his sword with his eyes, parried just as coolly as if he were in the fencing galley. I was in a rage! If the other one's servant had been there, I would have strangled him.

"Still the fight went on. M. Alfred was smiling bitterly; my master was calm and cold.

"'Ha!' cried M. Alfred.

"He had touched my master on the arm, and the blood came.

"'A mere nothing,' said M. Eugene. 'Come on.'

"The sweat stood on me in large drops.

"The seconds approached. M. Eugene signed to them to stand off. His enemy took advantage of this, lunged, my master came to guard too late, and the blood flowed from his thigh. I was sitting on the grass: I could not remain standing.

"All this time M. Eugene was as calm and cool as ever; only his lips were apart, and I could see that his teeth were set. The sweat streamed down the other one's forehead; he was tiring himself out.

"My master made a pass forward. M. Alfred broke.

"'I thought you never broke,' said my master.

"M. Alfred made a feint; my master's sword came to parade with such force, that his enemie's point was thrown up as though he were saluting. For an instant his breast was bare, and the next my master's sword was buried in it up to the very hilt.

"M. Alfred threw out his arms and dropped his sword, but did not fall, because the blade run through his body kept him up.

"M. Eugene drew out his weapon, and he fell.

"'Have I behaved like a man of honor?' he asked the seconds. They nodded yes, and approached the body.

"My master turned to me, and said he, 'Cantillon, go back to town and bring a notary to my house. Have him there on my return.'

"'If you want him for M. Alfred's will,' said I, 'it will be so much trouble for nothing; for see he writhes like a snake, and vomits blood: that's a bad sign.'

"'Tis not for him,' replied my master.

"For what was it, then?' I interrupted.

"To marry the young girl," replied Cantallon. "She was so beautiful and so good, Monsieur! and to own her child———"

"And did he do it?" I asked.

"Yes, Monseeur; nobly!"

"Then, sometime after, he said to me, 'Cantillon, we are going to travel, my wife and I; I should be glad to keep you in my service: but, you understand, the sight of you would be a constant grief to her. Here are a thousand francs; I give you my horse and cabriolet; do what you please with them; and if ever you should want anything, let me know before any one else.'

"So, as I had the establishment, I set up for a cab-driver.

"You have my story, Monsieur; and now where am I to take you?"

"Home, I will finish my visit some other day."

I returned to my house, and wrote down Cantillon's story just as he had told it to me.

[The End]

Two Anecdotes About "Uncle Abe."

In his lecture at Tremont Temple Judge Gilbert said:

In the summer of 1862, I had occasion to call on the President in Washington, to urge the claim of an officer whose pay had been unjustly withheld by the War Department. When I entered, Mr. Lincoln was alone. I said: "I have not called to ask for an office either for myself or for any friend." I then went on to cite the facts in the case of the officer. When I had finished, Mr. Lincoln said: "When you came in, you said you did not come to ask for office, but the fact is you bring up a matter which will give me more trouble than any application for office." After looking over some documents, Lincoln added: "I do not see how the Government of the United States can afford not to pay an officer for rendering it services." He then indorsed on the officer's commission the following words: "Ascertain length of time of services and pay without formalities. A. LINCOLN." (Applause.)

Another case was that of a young artillery officer who had served gallantly in Fremont's army and received a severe wound. The War Department refused to consider his claims, and he was destitute and sick. I told him to go to the White House and state the facts in his case to Lincoln. When he returned to me, his face wreat,ed in smiles, he produced a monstrous official envelope addressed to the Secretary of War, enclosing his worn and soiled commission. On the outside was endorsed: "Let the within-named be paid up to date, disregarding formalities. A. LINCOLN." (Applause.)

These are but two indications among thousands in the public life of that noble man, who stood ever ready to heal the wounds of lacerated hearts.

Passing along Washington street yesterday, a Vicksburg lady was accosted by a poorly clad female, who said:

"Give me ten cents to buy medicine for a sick child."

"Is your child very sick?" asked the lady.

"Dreffул sick, madam—has pains like the colic all the time; please give me ten cents."

"Dear me, I'm sorry for you, but I've only got a dollar, and I want that to buy a box of face powder. If you'll call at the house to-morrow I'll hunt up a recipe for colic and not charge you a cent!"

"Well, I'll divorce you this time, but mind not another decree shall you have from this Court till you are eighteen," said a judge at Sioux City as he granted her divorce to a petitioner of sixteen and awarded her the custody of the child.

There is a man in Indiana who takes thirty-two newspapers, and you might as well try to ride a whirlwind on a side-saddle as to attempt to impose upon that man.

Many a man has wished he was an autumn leaf, that he might fall off and be pressed by a pretty maiden.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

	Depart. Cin'ti.	Arrive. Cin'ti.	Arrive. Dest'on.
New York Ex daily	11:50A.M.	5:30A.M.	7:20P.M.
New York Ex daily	9:50P.M.	5:00P.M.	6:50A.M.

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 minutes slow.

Louisville Ex daily	5:50A.M.	6:40P.M.	10:20A.M.
Louisville (ex Sun)	3:00P.M.	12:45P.M.	7:15P.M.
Louisville (daily)	8:05P.M.	5:30A.M.	12:55P.M.

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Park'b'g Express	8:45A.M.	2:30P.M.	5:45P.M.
Park'b'g Ex daily Ex Sunday	4:55P.M.	7:10P.M.	12:30A.M.
Park'b'g Ex daily	10:30P.M.	4:50A.M.	7:25A.M.
Chillicothe Ac	4:00P.M.	9:20A.M.	8:25P.M.
Hillsboro Ac	3:30P.M.	9:20A.M.	6:40P.M.
Loveland Ac	11:15A.M.	6:55A.M.	12:35P.M.
Loveland Ac	5:40P.M.	8:40A.M.	6:35P.M.
Loveland Ac	6:10P.M.	4:30P.M.	7:35P.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore (ex Sun)	8:45A.M.	2:30P.M.	8:40A.M.
Baltimore, daily Ex Sunday	4:55P.M.	7:10P.M.	2:25P.M.
Baltimore Ex daily	10:30P.M.	4:50A.M.	10:45P.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS.

Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore Ex daily	7:45A.M.	4:15A.M.	8:40A.M.
Baltimore Ex	7:05P.M.	6:50P.M.	10:25P.M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

Depot, Mill and Front. Time, 12 minutes slow.

St. Louis Mail	6:30A.M.	10:30P.M.	10:45P.M.
St. Louis Ex	8:10A.M.	7:50P.M.	7:35P.M.
St. Louis Ex daily	7:00P.M.	7:40A.M.	8:35A.M.
Louisville Mail	6:30A.M.	1:10P.M.	1:20P.M.
Louisville Ex	8:10A.M.	7:40A.M.	1:20P.M.
Louisville Ex	2:45P.M.	7:50P.M.	8:10P.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.

Depot—Fifth and Hoadly. Time—7 minutes fast.

Dayton Ex. daily	11:00A.M.	5:00P.M.	1:15P.M.
Dayton Ex	5:00P.M.	9:20A.M.	7:15P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily	9:50P.M.	5:30A.M.	12:05A.M.
Toledo Ex	7:15A.M.	10:00P.M.	4:30P.M.
Toledo Ex. daily	9:50P.M.	5:30A.M.	6:35A.M.
Toledo Ac	2:30P.M.	3:55P.M.	11:55P.M.
Indianapolis Mail	7:30A.M.	10:00P.M.	12:55P.M.
Indianapolis Ac	1:45P.M.	5:55P.M.	6:35P.M.
Connersville Ac	5:20P.M.	9:50A.M.	8:[illegible] P.M.
Ind. Ex (ex Sat)	7:00P.M.	12:00P.M.	11:45A.M.
Richmond Ac	2:30P.M.	1:40P.M.	7:40P.M.
Chicago Ex	7:30A.M.	9:00P.M.	7:40P.M.
Chicago Ex daily	7:00P.M.	8:20A.M.	7:40A.M.
Hamilton Ac	9:00A.M.	12:00P.M.	10:15A.M.
Hamilton Ac	5:20P.M.	9:50A.M.	6:35P.M.
Hamilton Ac	4:30P.M.	7:10P.M.	5:45P.M.
Hamilton Ac	6:15P.M.	7:55A.M.	7:3 P.M.
Hamilton Ac	7:15P.M.	10:30P.M.	8:30P.M.
Hamilton Ac	10:00A.M.	1:10P.M.	11:15A.M.
Hamilton Ac	11:30P.M.	6:45A.M.	12:45A.M.
Glendale Ac	6:55A.M.	8:55A.M.	7:29A.M.
Glendale Ac	3:30P.M.	6:25P.M.	4:20P.M.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND CHICAGO.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Chicago Mail	7:30A.M.	9:00P.M.	8:40P.M.
Richmond Ac	2:30P.M.	1:40P.M.	7:40P.M.
Chicago Ex daily	7:00P.M.	8:20A.M.	7:40A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND INDIANAPOLIS.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Indianapolis Ex	7:30A.M.	10:00P.M.	12:55P.M.
Peoria Ex	1:45P.M.	5:55P.M.	8:30A.M.
Connersville Ac	5:20P.M.	9:50A.M.	8:25P.M.
Peoria Ex. (ex Sat.)	7:00P.M.	12:00 M.	10:55A.M.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Morning Mail	7:30A.M.	9:00P.M.	9:35P.M.
Night Ex. (ex Sat.)	7:00P.M.	8:20A.M.	10:00A.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Boston Ex	7:00A.M.	5:00P.M.	4:50P.M.
Cleveland Ex	10:50A.M.	9:20P.M.	9:55P.M.
New York Ex daily	6:40P.M.	5:15A.M.	7:00A.M.
Springfield Ac	8:50A.M.	3:50P.M.	11:49A.M.
Springfield Ac	3:45P.M.	9:30A.M.	7:25P.M.
Dayton Ac	5:30P.M.	7:45A.M.	7:59P.M.
Sharon Ac	6:40P.M.	6:35A.M.	7:20P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND COLUMBUS.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Columbus Ex	7:00A.M.	9:00P.M.	11:45A.M.
Columbus Ex	10:50A.M.	3:50P.M.	3:55P.M.
Columbus Ac	3:45P.M.	9:30P.M.	10:10P.M.

CINCINNATI AND SANDUSKY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Sandusky Ex	8:50A.M.	5:00P.M.	4:40P.M.
Sandusky Ex daily	9:40P.M.	5:15A.M.	7:30A.M.
Bellefontaine Ac	3:45P.M.	9:45A.M.	9:20P.M.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LAFAYETTE.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

Indianapolis Mail	7:45A.M.	12:15P.M.	12:25P.M.
Lafayette Mail	7:45A.M.	12:15P.M.	3:30P.M.
Chicago Ex	7:45A.M.	10:55P.M.	8:30P.M.
St. Louis Mail	7:45A.M.	9:40P.M.	10:30P.M.
Martinsville Ac	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	8:15P.M.
Indianapolis Ex	2:10P.M.	9:40P.M.	6:35P.M.
Lafayette Ex	2:10P.M.	9:30P.M.	9:35P.M.
Peoria Ex	2:10P.M.	8:45A.M.	3:30A.M.
Quincy Ex	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	9:15A.M.
Kansas City Ex	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	6:45P.M.
Ind'ap'lis Ex. daily	7:00P.M.	8:45A.M.	11:10P.M.
Lafayette Ex. daily	7:00P.M.	8:45A.M.	2:30A.M.
Chicago Ex. daily	7:00P.M.	8:45A.M.	7:15A.M.
St. Louis Ex. daily	7:00P.M.	8:35A.M.	7:35A.M.
Peoria Ex	7:00P.M.	10:55P.M.	9:40A.M.
Quincy Ex	7:00P.M.	9:40P.M.	1:30P.M.
Kansas City, daily	7:00P.M.	9:40P.M.	1:10A.M.
Greensburg Ac	3:30P.M.	12:15P.M.	6:40P.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac	6:10P.M.	8:00A.M.	7:38P.M.
Valley Junction Ac	10:50P.M.	8:50A.M.	11:53P.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac	9:50A.M.	1:45P.M.	11:16A.M.

WHITEWATER VALLEY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

Cambridge City Ac	7:00A.M.	6:50P.M.	10:58A.M.
Hagerstown Ac	4:45P.M.	9:30A.M.	9:50P.M.
Connersville Ac	7:00A.M.	9:30A.M.	10:22A.M.
Connersville Ac	4:45P.M.	6:58P.M.	9:[illegible]P.M.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL.

Depot, 8th and Washington, Covington. City time.

Nicholasville Ex	7:00A.M.	6:20P.M.	12:35P.M.
Nicholasville Ac	2:00P.M.	11:30A.M.	8:10P.M.
Nicholasville Mix'd.	7:30P.M.	4:20A.M.	6:00A.M.
Falmouth Ac	4:00P.M.	9:00A.M.	6:30P.M.

LITTLE MIAMI, PAN-HANDLE EAST.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 minutes fast.

New York Ex daily	7:45A.M.	2:50P.M.	10:25A.M.
New York Ex	1:20P.M.	6:50P.M.	6:45P.M.
New York Ex daily	7:05P.M.	4:15A.M.	9:15P.M.
Zanesville Ac	10:00A.M.	3:40P.M.	5:40P.M.
Springfield Ac	4:10P.M.	10:15A.M.	8:00P.M.
Morrow Ac	5:30P.M.	8:10A.M.	7:25P.M.
Loveland Ac	12:05P.M.	7:25P.M.	1:25P.M.
Loveland Ac	6:25P.M.	6:35A.M.	7:45P.M.
Loveland Ac	11:30P.M.	7:45A.M.	12:45A.M.

The 7:45 A. M. and 4:10 P. M. trains connect for Yellow Springs and Springfield. The Church train Leaves Loveland Sundays at 9 A. M., and returning Leaves Cincinnati at 2 P. M.

CINCINNATI AND MUSKINGUM VALLEY.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Zanesville Ex	10:00A.M.	3:40P.M.	5:50P.M.
Circleville Ac	4:10P.M.	10:15A.M.	9:20P.M.

COLUMBUS, MT. VERNON AND CLEVELAND.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time 7 minutes fast.

Cleveland Ex	7:45A.M.	6:50P.M.	7:35P.M.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO.

Boat, foot of Broadway, to Huntington. City Time.

Richmond Ex	4:30P.M.	6:30A.M.	4:30P.M.